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Puck

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ANOTHER "ME TOO"!



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 18th, 1893. — No. 828.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
VARIOUS
MATTERS.**

IF THE French Republic does go under in the present time of trouble, it will be, not because of the great scandal, but because of the noisy scandal-mongers. Prophecies of disaster, widely circulated and long persisted in, may in the end undermine the credit of almost any institution. No doubt a great many of the newspaper correspondents who are so freely asserting that the last days of the Republic are at hand, have every reason to wish that their predictions might come true. All is fish that comes to their net; and the downfall of the Republic, while it may mean the suffering and danger of a great people, must surely mean columns upon columns of salable news for the journalistic adventurers who have thronged to Paris. But none the less is their conduct sordid and mean. The French Republic is in sore straits enough without the malign assistance of the newspaper harpies who are trying to stir the populace up to mischievous frenzy. Nor has the Republic, in spite of its misdoings in the Panama business, deserved this treatment. It has been a Republic in good faith, and not a temporary makeshift designed to keep the people quiet while some pretender's scheme of usurpation is undergoing a process of clandestine coddling. For this record it deserves loyalty from its friends, and consideration from all who are not its avowed enemies.

The truth is that the crisis through which the French Republic is passing at present is only one of those severe object-lessons by means of which a people is sometimes forced to learn the inevitable result of recklessness in public affairs — affairs governmental, commercial or financial. The Panama affair is no worse, morally, than England's South Sea Bubble; it differs in degree only, and not in kind, from her railway scandals of half a century ago, and from our own Crédit Mobilier iniquity. A nation that is not inherently rotten and vicious can live to learn such a cruel and bitter lesson, and to profit by it. There can be little doubt that the revulsion of feeling following the explosion of Law's Bubble brought about a healthy, if somewhat narrow, spirit of conservatism in business affairs, by which England is the gainer to this day and hour. Nor is it to be questioned that the exposures of the laxity and corruption that disgraced the Federal government during Grant's Presidential period were the direct

cause of an awakened popular sensitiveness in regard to such matters which has gradually led to the purification and elevation of the government service in many of its branches — certainly we have every reason to pride ourselves on the steady improvement in personal character and general calibre of the House of Representatives, ever since that unhappy epoch.

The Panama scandal will doubtless cost France a great deal, but it may pay her more than it costs her if it stirs her to certain movements of reform and reconstruction. It may teach the lovers of the Republic that they can not guard their honor too jealously; and that they put her good name in all but fatal jeopardy when they permit colossal schemes for public investment to be floated without the strictest and most carefully safeguarded provisions for wise and faithful management. It may show the thrifty Frenchman, whether he be a workingman or a shop-keeper, that sure and small profits are the best and safest thing the small investor has to look for; and that when he reaches down into the blue woolen stocking, which stands as the type and symbol of French thrift, it should be to buy realities, and not to speculate in rainbows. And, perhaps, what is best of all, it may teach the whole French people that their whole judicial system is unpractical, unfair, unreasonable, undignified and inadequate beyond anything known in the civilized world.

We have received a Columbian Souvenir Coin with the following communication:

December 21st, 1892.

To the EDITOR OF PUCK.

Dear Sir:—

I have the pleasure of handing you herewith, one of the very first of the Columbian Souvenir Coins, and beg your acceptance of the same, with the heartiest wish that as long as silver shall have any value or beauty, kindly friendship may prevail in metropolitan journalism

Ever Yours Most Truly,
ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.

We take some slight interest in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, where PUCK is building a pavilion which he intends to make one of the features of the World's Fair; and we have amply supplied ourselves with these interesting remembrances. We are inclined to think that the sample Col. Shepard sends us may be intended for Senator Stewart of Nevada, or for the Hon. John Sherman. But we can not but return the pious Colonel's exquisite sentiment with a few others which may suggest a tender significance to him. Here they are:

"For from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet even unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely."—*Jeremiah VI. 13.* "That which is crooked can not be made straight."—*Ecclesiastes I. 15.* "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."—*Matthew XXIII. 14.* "Elliott Shepard is more different kinds of a damn fool than any man I ever knew."—*Commodore Vanderbilt XVIII. 69.*

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE ALTITUDES.



HAVE heard Niagara's thunder,
As I stood and gazed from under,
Gazed in ecstasy and wonder,
Standing where the ice was packed
Underneath the cataract;
And I thought I never saw
Any sight so full of awe—
Never did my vision fall
On anything so fearful tall;
And I went away impressed
With poetry bubbling in my chest.

Then, up in the town, I sorter
Dropped in at the Hotel Porter,
(Where, by the way, no porter dwelt—
Unless, perchance, 't was he that smelt.)
And there an unpleasant clerk did collar
Just three-quarters of a dollar
(Seventy-five cold U. S. cents—
While I expressed my sentiments,)
For a glass of milk with nothing to foller.

That made Niagara seem much shorter
Alongside of the Hotel Porter.

ACCORDING TO THE ADV.

MRS. HASHLEY.—Well, what do you want?

HUNGRY HANK.—I see, Ma'am, that you advertise furnished rooms, and breakfast if desired. Now, I do not care for a room, Ma'am, but I greatly desire a breakfast!

IS N'T THAT COURAGEOUS ENOUGH?

MISS BEWTY (*romantically*).—Men never do brave deeds nowadays to show their love for women.

MR. BEEST.—They don't, eh? Don't they marry them?

WHEN AN old crank spoils the slide, the small boy does n't feel like saying peace to his ashes.

THE OLDEST inhabitant can't recall a Winter so severe that the ice crop was n't said to be a failure.



A GLOWING EXAMPLE.

PROFESSOR (*examining class in physics*).—The pressure of bodies at rest is called Force. Give an example. Jones.
JONES (*an observant scholar*).—The Police Force.

A CHARMER.



HER SMILE is full of grace
And loveliness;
Nor charms alone of face
Does she possess.

For such an ankle men
May seldom view—
She stoops to conquer when
She ties her shoe.

Philander Johnson.

OBJECTION OVERRULED.

JACK MAKEIT.—How can we marry?
I'm only worth fifteen thousand dollars,
and that would n't buy your clothes.
MAY SPENDIT.—Oh, yes! it would,
Jack, for nearly five years!

A SOCIOLOGIST.

PHIL. ANTHROPIST.—I can't give you money, but I will give you a letter to a charitable society.

ONIS UPPERS.—No, sir; I will not use it. I am down on organized charity; it is productive of pauperism, sir!

REALISM IMPRACTICABLE.

EGBERT EAUSONICE.—Do you know, society has nevah been wepwe-sented in novels as it weally is.

THANIS BIGHT.—Certainly not. A novel must be bright enough to be entertaining before it will succeed.

A REQUISITE.

GOSLING.—I believe in age before beauty.

VAN BROOT.—It's necessary in your case. It'll give you a beard to cover that mug of yours.

A MAN'S FAILING.

When overcoats are new, all men essay
To ply the whisk-broom o'er them every day.
Next year, the woolly frieze and Melton sleek
Receive a cursory whisking once a week.
Brushing them once a month, the third year, must
Suffice to rout the accumulating dust.
And the fourth year, in their decline and fall,
When needing most, they're never brushed at all!

John Ludlow.



A CATEGORICAL ANSWER DEMANDED.

HE.—Are you superstitious? I shall put you to the test.

SHE.—Not at all.

HE.—Then would you consent to marry me on the first Friday in May?



SOMETHING MORE TIMELY WANTED.

EDITOR.—I'm sorry we can't print these articles of yours on "The Tariff Question" and "The Labor Problem;"—but if you can get us up a new idea for a guessing contest we'll buy it at your own figure.

ABORIGINAL SHREWDNESS.

PHILLIE MCKLINK.—William Penn traded with the Indians for what is now the site of Philadelphia.

BLEECKER BOND.—And yet they say that the redskins were always imposed upon by the whites.

UNPROFITABLE CURIOSITY.

VAN ISCHING COYNE.—I offered my wife a penny for her thoughts and it cost me one hundred and fifty dollars.

KIRBY STONE.—How did that happen?

VAN ISCHING COYNE.—She was thinking of getting a new tailor-made suit.

LEGAL ASSASSINATION.

DR. BONESET.—Why are you so anxious to play in the coming foot-ball game? I thought you did n't intend to.

HAFFBAK.—That was before I knew Mullins was going to play on the other side. I owe him a large-sized grudge.



ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED.—A young man to take the full charge of our powder mill. One who is willing to be sent out of town occasionally. Skihi Powder Co.

WHEN THE HUMBUGS of a Mountebank cease to win belief, is it proper to say that he becomes a Mountebankrupt? By our knightly, etymological word it is; and we trust soon to hear that the silver Mountebanks have gone into Mountebankruptcy.

A TRAMP STEAMER.—The Station-house Lodging-room.

A FIRST-CLASS FELLOW.—The Freshman.

THE MILK OF human kindness would be a good deal richer if it was n't skimmed so often.

WHIPPER.—I don't consider Englishmen to be nearly such bad fellows as they might be.

SNAPPER.—No, indeed. They might be Anglomaniacs.

HANKS

• ASSORTED YARNS •

A SLAVE TO FANCY.

THERE WAS a time when I found pleasure in my wonderful imagination, but now that I can no longer control it, I am miserable. For some years, while in pursuit of my literary labors—and incidental bread and butter—I indulged my fancy to its fullest extent. I would send it forth into the world and allow it to wander here and there in pursuit of the beautiful.



This exercise proved beneficial to its growth, and, as time went on, my imagination advanced in strength until I was able to call up phantoms from the misty deep and to have those phantoms appear in answer to the summons.

As you well know, phantoms are mere products of the imagination, and I was well pleased with that fancy of mine which could produce such wonderful effects. I gave my fancy wider scope—restraining it less and less—until my imagination became an invisible power having dominion over me. It was a non-corporate entity, so to speak: a Thing without substance.

One night, after having retired at nine o'clock because I had nothing better to do, I lay awake dreaming, and the battle for supremacy began. Up to that time I had control of my exuberant fancy, and so, that night, I bade it amuse me. My thought was bound by my personal limitations, but my fancy was a thing apart and knew no confines. So, having called my fancy as an adjunct to my thought, I pictured myself in receipt of a letter from a well-known law-firm announcing the fact that some maiden lady in the Far West, having received benefit from my writings, had remembered me in her will and had died, leaving me—

"Fifty thousand dollars," suggested my imagination, which as yet had not been called upon.

"Pooh!" I protested; "it's only in fun—make it a million."

But my imagination was obdurate and after a tussle we compromised on one hundred thousand dollars. I say "we," because at that time I first recognized the power of my imagination—Imagination would be proper—as apart from myself.

"Well," I went on in thought, "this old and sweet lady left me one hundred thousand dollars and a brown-stone house on the Avenue."

At this point Fancy again asserted itself with an objection. Finally I was allowed to retain the house, but obliged to place it on one of the side streets. Even then I was a man of wealth, and I thought of a trip to Europe—an ocean voyage in June.

"No; March," put in my Imagination.

"Now, look here," I said, "who's doing this? This trip has got to take place in June. How can you sit on the deck in the moonlight on a cold March night?"

"What's that for?" asked my Imagination, that was no longer mine in the possessive sense.

"Why!" I exclaimed, "there's a girl on board the ship."

"Oh, no; there is n't," protested this assertive Fancy.

"But I say there is," I replied; "there's a girl on board this ship to whom I'm going to make love."

"A short, stout girl," said my Imagination. Secretly I was glad that the existence of the girl was conceded without further trouble, for I hated to think of making the trip all alone, but, being allowed a sweet companion, I was going to have her as I pleased.

"A tall, slender girl," I said, positively, "one of those willowy creatures, with hair the color of—"

"A sunset," interrupted that irrepressible Imagination. I laughed at

the idea. "What! a girl with sunset hair on a moonlight night?" I retorted. "No; this girl has dark brown hair."

"No tresses?" came the whisper.

"No; hair. Eyes dark and brown as well, and a complexion—"

"Also dark and brown," was the suggestion next advanced by Imagination.

But I paid no attention to it—"A complexion like peaches and cream," I thought.

"Now put in a rival," said my Imagination.

Again I rebelled. I wanted that girl all to myself. What was the use of having a mythical fortune and a shadowy girl if you had to destroy the harmony of the dream by introducing a rival?

"But it would be so much more of a victory," insinuated my Imagination, "if you have to fight against odds."

"I won't have a rival," I said; "you would make him interrupt me at every turn."

"Oh, no!" protested Fancy, "I would n't be so mean as all that. We'll just have that pretended rival and keep him in his stateroom the entire voyage."

I yielded—for there was something pleasant in the idea of that miserable youth unable to cope with Fate and Love.

"This girl and I meet on the evening of the first day," I thought. "She is reading a book, when suddenly the wind tears it from her hand and I catch it—"

"Better have the wind take off her hat," broke in Fancy at this moment; "she would be more grateful then."

I granted the point. "I catch the hat and return it to her. She blushes prettily and thanks me with downcast eyes. Suddenly she looks up and remembers having met me the Summer before in the mountains."

"No," protested Fancy.

"Yes," said I, angry at the interruption to my thought.

"Would n't do," argued Fancy. "She knew you the Summer before, when you were poor? No—no—why should she care for you now? If she loves you, it will be on account of your money; make her a stranger."

There was something in this suggestion.

"Looking up at me," ran my romance in thought, "she asks my name and is pleased when I mention it, for she is familiar with my writings."

"That's too egotistical," asserted Fancy; "she never heard of you before, and you are humbled—you want to begin to love in a lowly spirit."

I had to succumb to Fancy's argument. "Well," I thought, "we become good friends at once and henceforth I am her devoted cavalier. I read to her, I talk to her, walk with her, sit next to her at table, and grow to regard her as the one goal of my life."

"Humph," said Fancy; "that's going it pretty strong."

I continued my dream regardless of the interruption:

"One night while we are seated on the deck—"

"The rival appears," put in Fancy.

"You promised to keep him in his stateroom," I retorted; "and so he does n't appear."

"While seated on the deck I suddenly take her hand and say I love her, and she"—I went on—"looks steadily at me a moment and whispers—"

"No!" cried Fancy, exultingly.

"She says 'Yes!'" I answered.

"She says 'No!'" retorted my Imagination, "because she is engaged to the rival. For what reason was he introduced, if not to make trouble? Staying in his stateroom did n't interfere with your romance, if there had n't been some previous understanding; she says 'No!'—she's got to say 'No!'"

"She has n't," I said, sulkily.

"Yes, sir-ee," continued Fancy; "she says 'No!' Do you expect to marry her?"

"Certainly, I do," was my reply; "why did I begin with the legacy?"

"Dunno," replied my Fancy; "but you are *not* to marry—you are not even to be engaged."

"Why?" was my indignant query.

"Because it's altogether too serious a question," said my Imagination; "and when thought becomes serious, I am stagnant. I am set aside to wilt. When you are engaged, I am forgotten for the sake of the girl; and when you marry, Imagination dies. The two can not exist in



common — I can not permit it — *I will not!* You can not become engaged to my undoing — and as to marriage — "if there had been anything of it to produce a sound, Fancy would then have laughed.

"Dream as much as you will," continued my Imagination, "but I am going to control those dreams. Imagination has its limits, and matrimony is the extreme. I can not permit it, as I have remarked before. You have a good, well developed Imagination, now, in me, and I desire to continue in existence. And I am going to! That girl says '*No!*' — do you understand? Spend your money as you will — indulge in all possible flights — propose as often as you feel like it, but I am going to assert myself when necessary. Henceforth, young man, I am assertive. I rule."

"No, you don't," I answered; "that girl says '*Yes!*'"

"Does she?" sneered Fancy; "very well — I'm going to get out of it; what's it all about, anyway?"

I had forgotten utterly. The dream had vanished with the departure of my Imagination.

"Now go to sleep," said Fancy, coming back, "and remember that I set my own limits. What did the girl say?"

"No!" I answered, feebly.

Flavel S. Mines.

OUT WEST horse thieves are sometimes spoken of as the hangers-on of society.



UNWELCOME ASSISTANCE.

ENAMORED YOUTH (*who has been bidding her good-by for a half hour*).—Oh, darling, how can I leave thee?

DEEP RED VOICE (*from top of the stairs, with fiery sarcasm*).—Shall I come down and show you how, young man?

WARBURTON'S LOGIC.

WARBURTON.—Mama, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?

MAMA.—No; you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours.

WARBURTON.—I only had lunch three hours ago, did n't I?

MAMA.—Yes.

WARBURTON.—Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam.

TIRELESS IN SPORT.

"Are you going to have any hunting this Winter?" asked the Visitor of the Master of the Hounds.

"Yes; we have hired the Madison Square Garden for four nights. We shall chase a fox around the arena from nine to ten each night."

"WHY do you love me, Love, so much?"

I passionately cried.

She pouted, mused, then said "Because!"

And I was satisfied.



EXPENSIVE AMMUNITION.

"Arrah, Mrs. Flinn, but you 're in throuble I see!"

"Troth an' I am. Did n't I go an' lave Dinny t' take care ov the shitore, an' the goats kem an' ate four cabbages?"

"Sure, I'd not lave that small loss bother me."

"It's not that, my dear; but he t'rew dom near a ton ov coal at 'em."

MANY GREAT VOYAGERS.

TEACHER.—Now, although it is n't in your lesson, can any boy think of some other who, like the great Magellan, went around the world?

BRIGHT PUPIL (*promptly*).—George Francis Train!



SHE WAS ALL RIGHT.

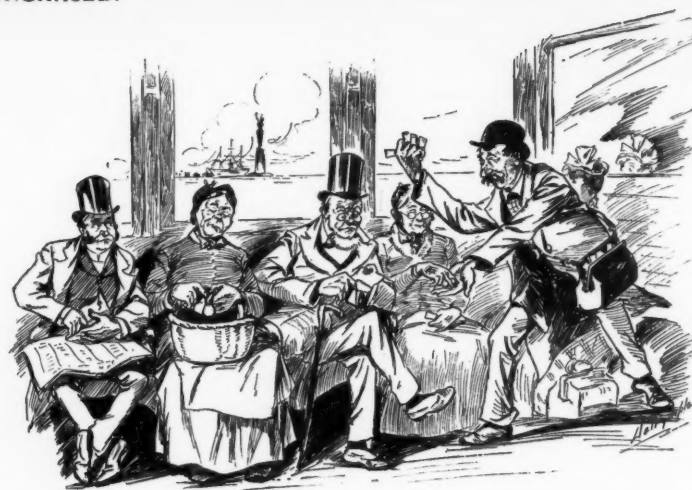
GOOD SAMARITANESS.—Have you lost yourself, little girl?

THE LITTLE GIRL (*weeping*).—N-N-No. I've lost my mother.

THEY ALL PURCHASED.



PASSENGER (*arising*).—Has any one in here a piece of court-plaster?
ALL THE PASSENGERS.—NO!



PASSENGER.—*No?* Well, I have here the finest court-plaster—only ten cents a package, and you can't say you are fully supplied.

WHERE YOUTH RENEWS ITSELF.



HERE 's a fountain of youth that forever is brimming
With writs and with proofs and with certified copies,
And it brings to the people who in it are swimming
The same soothing comfort they find in the poppies.
Oh, the Spaniard was foolish who ne'er got an inkling
Of this wondrous fountain and all of its treasures!—
Where Mrs. is changed into Miss in a twinkling,
And benedicts rush back to bachelor pleasures!

Where years are washed off as you 'd wash off a plaster,
Where youth that was lost hurries back in a gallop,
Where old slaves are turned into mistress and master
And each drifts about in a lotus-leaf shallop.
There those who have suffered, of joy get their quota;
For that fountain of youth has, oh, thousands of sources!
And it's not in the southland but out in Dakota,
The land of the blizzard—and easy divorces.

Carl Smith.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE (*Out West*).

"Culchaw? Well, I 'll just give my word
['T was in Chicago overheard]
A girl that means to take the cake 'll
Simply have to be *fin de siècle*."



HIS DEFENSE.

"You are charged with fast driving," said the magistrate.
"I was driving very slowly, Judge," said the culprit. "Not more than a 2:40 gait."
"Heavens!—is n't that fast?"
"Not these days, Judge."



A CASE FOR GERRY.

MR. HOCKSTEIN.—Sol has been a naughty poy and I 'm going to punish him.
MRS. HOCKSTEIN.—Vot you do mit him?
MR. HOCKSTEIN.—I vos going to put him on der gounter and make him vatch me vile I scharge der next gustomer only six per cent.
MRS. HOCKSTEIN (*in motherly horror*).—Oh, Fadder! You vos too cruel!

SOMETIMES HE DOES.

JOB LOTT.—One never loses anything by keeping his engagements punctually.
KIRBY STONE.—My experience is he is apt to lose half an hour's time waiting for the other fellow.

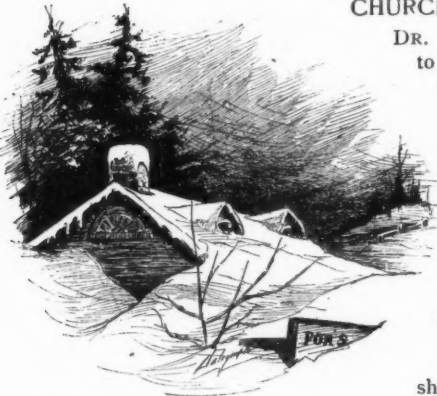
THE BIBLIOMANIAC may have a warm spot in his heart for the battered first edition, but the author looks with greater satisfaction on the cheap but popular twentieth.

THE CASE IN A NUTSHELL.

If Dr. McGlynn
Committed no sin
In preaching up land confiscation,
Was Rome not unjust
When the doctor she thrust
From the altar, the church and salvation?

If Dr. McGlynn
Committed a sin
For which he deserved such a sentence,
Does Rome show good sense
To condone the offence.
While there's not the pretence of repentance?

I'm greatly afraid
That a blunder was made
In regard to the priest's indecorum;
'T was a blunder to ban
A good, innocent man,
Or a worse blunder now to restore him
Phelim O'Dowd.



COUNTRY HOUSE FOR SALE.

"MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED."

school it is the "World, the Flesh and the Devil."

CHURCH AND STATE.

DR. PIECRUST.—We want you
to enforce the law of the State
until it is repealed.

SUP'T BYRNES.—And
we want you to enforce
hell-fire and infant damna-
tion until your church or-
ders otherwise.

DIFFERENT SCHOOLS.

PAPA.—What is the "triple
alliance?"

DICKY BOY.—They teach
that different in different
schools.

PAPA.—What do you mean?

DICKY BOY.—In the public
school it is "Germany, Austria
and Italy," and in Sunday-
school it is the "World, the Flesh and the Devil."

SEVERAL KINDS OF DREAMS.

MRS. PLUME.—Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?

PLUME.—Yes; and a mighty bad one.

THIS LINE out of Republican
Officials takes the starch—
The warning haughty Cæsar got—
"Beware the Ides of March!"



HER HEART TOUCHED.

BENEVOLENT WOMAN.—Poor boy, you must suffer without
shoes! I have n't any that would fit you, but here is an old pair
of skates that you can have.



A FEARFUL RISK.

SHE.—Don't you think I am an angel to brush your silk
hat so nicely for you?

HE.—But think how much I must love you to let you do it.

DRIVEN TO DRINK.

"What makes you so thirsty to-day, old fellow?"

"I had to stick one of those deucedly large Columbian stamps
on the letter my wife gave me to mail."

A SIDEREAL PROPHECY.

BOY (*contemplating the
heavens*).—Was Mars once
such a great fighter, Ma?

MA.—Yes, my son.

BOY.—I suppose
John Sullivan will look as
small as that some day!

WHIPPER.—I wonder
why society people
are making such a fad of
slumming just now?

SNAPPER.—They
wish to know what their
ancestors were like, I
guess.

"DAR'S SUTT'NLY HEAPS
IN PRA'R, BRED-
DREN," was Brer Brown's
testimony; "on'y we done
read an' hear tell o' de
widder's meal-bin an' de
fi' tousan' loaves an' fishes
an' so many mer'cles dat we
done come to allus expec' de
mirac'lous. Dat's de reason
we don't see de effec' o' so
many pra'r's. Ise done larnt
not to be onreasonable; when Ise hongry I don't ax fur no angel t' do
a mer'cle; I jes' pray dat some o' dese white folks lea' de doah o' deir
smoke-house onlock'; an' when dey do dat, I do de mer'cle!"

W. R. L.



THE USUAL CAUSE.

LORD FITZ-MUD.—Sir Charlie is
going to marry an American girl.

LORD HAVERNSNAKE.—No? Why,
I had no idea his finances were so
low as that!



UCK.



WASH-DAY NEEDED.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY."



WISH TO array myself upon the side of the few critics who have declared the above play to prove that "a man who can produce good literature is not necessarily capable of writing a good play."

"*The Professor's Love Story*" is not an English play, because it has no murdered Baronets, no "estates" and no missing wills. It is not an American adaptation from the French, because it contains no young man who is forced by circumstances to prevaricate acrobatically for three acts. It is not an American play, because it does not deal with war, bankruptcy or embezzlement. It is to be condemned for the following reasons:

Not only has it no villain, but *there is not one person in it with a dark past.*

It contains no pathos. I know this, because not once does the orchestra play softly while some one tells the story of his or her life. The orchestra does n't open its head, and the characters are not allowed to tell stories of their lives.

The play is just about an absent-minded electrician, forty years old, who falls in love with his pretty secretary, and believes himself to be afflicted with some less serious malady, like paresis or rheumatism. And this pretty secretary shatters ruthlessly the most binding of dramatic tenets. By all hallowed tradition her name should be "Laura Fairweather," or "Hester Ruthven," or "Eleanor Rainsford;" but it is "Lucy White." She is self-supporting! Who does not know what this condition, called, in play phrase, "fighting life's battle alope," demands of a heroine? She should have been reared in affluence, with her "every" wish gratified, "until the crash came" which carried "poor Papa" to his grave and left her with a mother and some sisters to support. She should be sadly amiable, drooping like a lily upon its stem, and always ready to weep, in company with the wood instruments of a German orchestra. When the haughty, well-bred people misunderstand and insult her, as they must in a real play, she should wilt, and refer to herself as a "defenceless geh-rul!"

But this one is n't that kind. *No reference is made to her former station in life, or to dependent relatives.* She may be the daughter of a blooming tradesman in good circumstances. She does n't droop, and she evidently spends all her salary for new clothes. When parties in the play try to take her down, she sasses them back. She not only lacks the irritating spirituality of real stage heroines, but *she is gifted with human intelligence.* In truth, she is a real, live, meat girl; and when the Professor makes love to her, the audience feel like eavesdroppers.

And how the closing scene jars upon us! We all know what it should be: *all* the characters on the stage (except the villain), the principals centre, and tapering off at either end to the juvenile and comic lovers. Everybody says a few words, just to show that they have been acting in a play, and the curtain falls.

The play in question does n't end at all, apparently; but the last glimpse we have of it is on a Summer evening, with moonlight that seems real because you don't see a hand-made moon. The Professor, having ascertained the nature of his malady, is undergoing the *similia similibus curantur* treatment with gratifying results. He and Lucy White wander out of the house, in an interested, aimless way, and the Professor says he thinks they might as well take a little walk. He gives her a good, human hug, the like of which was never seen in a play before, and they saunter off down a moonlit lane. Then the curtain falls, and it seems to the audience that they really *have* walked down a moonlit lane instead of out into the wings. The people in this play are as much out of place on the stage as stage people would be amongst us.

And the worst of it is that a theatre full of idiots become so engrossed in the thing that they forget to talk and cough and rattle programmes. They laugh with a sudden, atrocious abandon. A lot of them don't know whether they are laughing or crying. They go away as full of the Professor's love for Lucy White as if love stories had n't already been done to death. And, like as not, they think they would like to meet the Professor



NOT ALTOGETHER.

AWAKENED SLEEPER.—What do you mean by making this infernal hubbub outside my window at this time of night?

SERENADER.—Ain't you the bridal couple?

AWAKENED SLEEPER.—No; sir! Confound you, sir! Never was married in my life; never intend to be!

SERENADER.—All right; you need n't apologize; the joke's on us.

some time, and have him bring his wife to dine with them, and talk over old times.

Mr. Barrie's play may be Nature, but it is not Art.

H. L. Wilson.

MANY A NEW OPERA seems to go a long way towards settling old scores.

IN CHICAGO the family Bible,
As a matter of course,
Has a page — this is no airy libel —
Reserved for divorce.



HE GOT THERE.

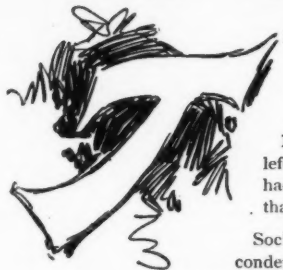
FRIEND.—My dear fellow, why do you work like a galley slave eighteen hours out of the twenty-four?

BUSY MAN.—Because it's my ambition to see the day when I can live in an immense house and have lots of company!



(And a few years later his ambition was realized.)

SOCIETY NOTES FROM SMITHVILLE.



THE FOLLOWING paragraphs appeared in the society column of last week's issue of the *Smithville Clarion and Genius of Liberty*:

Mrs. G. Washington Weatherwax's cook left her on Thursday afternoon. As Mrs. W. had invited four couples of her friends to dinner that evening, her predicament can be imagined.

Society ladies at the upper end of town unite in condemning the action of Mrs. Judge McClosky, who coaxed away Mrs. Milton Jones's hired girl by offering her \$2.50 a week, which was 50 cents more than Mrs. J. felt able to pay.

Mrs. Theophilus Brown's new girl is named Theresa Beatrice Muldoon. Miss Muldoon comes from Galway, on the "ould sod."

Mrs. Arlington Simkins has had a pitiable time with her "help." Miss Kitty O'Rafferty officiated as her maid of all work, until she took sick last Fall. Mrs. Simkins nursed her, herself, until she was quite well, when the ungrateful girl left her to get married.

Hired girls are very scarce in town.

Mr. Clinton Geohegan, coachman for Major Sawbunks, will lead to the altar next week Miss Clytie Maginnis, who has been Mrs. Ephraim Tillinghast's cook for two years. Mrs. T. says she never had a girl who staid with her so long, and her place will be difficult to fill. She is also of the opinion that Congress should pass a law forbidding servant girls to marry.

Aristocratic circles on Cottage Hill are deeply interested in a controversy now raging between Mrs. Daniel Clovertop and Miss Norah O'Dow. The latter wants Thursday afternoon off every week, in addition to all day Sunday, and the Thursday afternoon Mrs. Clovertop is not willing to grant. It is understood that Miss O'Dow's ultimatum is both holidays or quit.

Mrs. William Webb, of Main Street, caught her new girl putting on her (Mrs. Webb's) bonnet night before last. The girl wore it during her evening off. Mrs. Webb thought she had better say nothing about it, for fear Lizzie Duffy (that being the name of the young lady in question) would leave her at a moment's notice.

Miss Nettie Shaughnessy left Mrs. Obadiah Snodgrass last week. Miss Shaughnessy says Mrs. Snodgrass owes her a month's pay, and she could n't stand the way in which she pried into kitchen affairs, anyhow.

The last meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Circle discussed nothing but the servant girl question, although several engagements are talked of in this town.

William Henry Siviter.

A HUMORIST'S PLIGHT.

'92 has passed. '93 finds
Me on the verge of tears,
For the leap-year joke I've just thought of
I'll have to keep four years!



GETTING ALL HE CAN OUT OF IT.

WIFE (*drowsily*).—It is Sunday; what is the use of getting up so early? You work hard all the week and have to get up early,—and on Sunday, when you have nothing to do—

HUSBAND.—Yes; on Sunday I have nothing to do, and I want all the time I can get to enjoy it.



HOW THE ROW BEGAN AT CASEY'S PARTY.

MISS CASEY.—Hivy, hivy, wot hangs over?

MCINNES (*in the chair*).—Foine or super-foine?

MISS CASEY.—Foine. Wot shall be done wid th' owner?

MCINNES (*recognizing REILLY's pipe by its odor*).—He shall kiss Mrs. Brady t'ree times.

REILLY (*exploding with indignation*).—WHAT?? Yez bloody bla'guard! Youse knew th' arthicle belonged to me. It's an ould grudge yez wants to settle, aint it? Well, Oi'll doie afore Oi pays a pinalty loike thot.

MRS. BRADY'S HUSBAND (*taking off his coat*).—Oi'll allow no mon to insult me woife loike that, Reilly.

(*Then the fun began.*)

"[It is true that the children of great men rarely amount to anything.]"

"True; but just think of the cinch they have writing articles for the syndicates as 'The Unknown Children of Great Men.'"

A DRAWBACK OF CITY LIFE.

"I don't see how them New York fellers does their courtin'," said Uncle Silas, of Schoharie. "None o' their houses has front gates."

PLAY THINGS.—Theatrical Properties.

A FIXED STAR.—The Wealthy Actor.

FOR FORM'S SAKE.—Tight Lacing.

IT IS ALL well enough to talk about industry and effort; but that Shakspeare was greater than the average advertising poet is only because it was born in him.

HE.—I found my first gray hair this morning.

SHE.—Oh, give it to me to remember you by!

HE.—But I want to keep it to remember you by.

NEW YORK plays no bluff in the national game—she has to "stand Pat."

CONDENSED CREAM—The One Hundred and Fifty.

A PRINTER'S DEVIL—The Proof-reader.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL DRYNESS OF CHAMPAGNE.

Natural dryness and the smallest percentage of alcohol constitute the purest and most wholesome champagne, as compared with artificial and spirituous dryness, which admits of a higher percentage of sugar in the wine while giving a drier but false taste, as is the case with several of the so-called "brut" wines. By chemical analysis of Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry contains in a marked degree less alcohol than other prominent brands, and he recommends it, not only for its purity, but as the most wholesome champagne. These properties and its remarkable quality and natural dryness have made it the most popular, as evidenced by Custom House statistics showing its importations in 1892 to exceed those of any other brand by 9,127 cases.



If we could dissect one of our instruments in your presence, you would be astonished at the sum of perfection displayed before your eyes; not a flaw anywhere; leading features everywhere. You would concur with our statement that the **BEST** Piano made is the

239-155 E. 14th St.,
New York.
Wabash Ave. and
Jackson Street,
Chicago.
308-314 Post Street,
San Francisco.

SOHMER



I've dismissed the doctor; my Rambler takes his place. Never was healthier; never so happy; and it's so easily learned. Why don't you try it yourself, dear? Get list. GORMULLY & JEFFERY Mfg. CO., CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker



WE WANT YOU to try **Golden Sceptre**; all the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost **PERFECTION**. We will send on receipt of **10c.**, a sample to any address. **SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N.Y. City.** Prices Golden Sceptre: 1 lb., \$1.20, 1/2 lb. 65c., 1/4 lb. 35c. 1 cent extra per ounce for mailing. [Catalogue Free.]

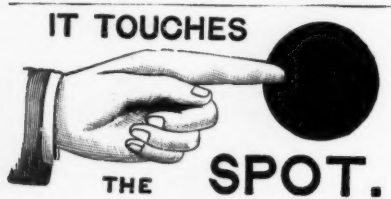
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

Of the better class. New and Original Designs, Reasonable Prices.

HENRY ABBOTT & CO.,
14 Maiden Lane, New York.

For
Chapping,
Itching, Dandruff,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,
use that delightful balsamic cleanser
and Antiseptic,

Packer's Tar Soap



"Do Mormons have any luck?" asks an exchange. Certainly; there are Mormon widows.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

NOTHING strange about whiskey being advanced—it always goes to the head.—*Inter Ocean.*

Forty years in the market and not an adulteration. "Strictly pure" is the motto. *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne.*

EDEN MUSÉE, 23d Street, near Broadway

THE WORLD IN WAX.
First Appearance in America of
Princess Lily Dolgorouki.
Violinist to the Empress of Russia.
Marie Selika.
The Original Brown Patti.
Guibal and Greville.
in Mystifying Psychonotism.
Ando and Omne.
The Japanese Wonder.
Danko Gabor's Gipsy Band.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

A LOVE STORY IN OUTLINE.



Have
you
all
the
Back

A
GRAND
COMBINATION
YALE MIXTURE
FOR THE PIPE.

A 'Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.



AMES & FROST CO.,
Chicago, Ill.

SHREWD Cyclers always post themselves before purchasing wheels. We ask you to become posted about the **IMPERIAL WHEELS.** Our catalogue will help you. Send for it. 631

"WELL, 'Rastus, are you used to being rich yet?"

"Nor, sah. Kain't git used to it, sah. Lord bless yer, I went out into mah own hen-coop larst night an' stole one o' mah own chickens, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS.
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn*
OF **THE GENUINE HARTSHORN**

AMERICAN Club House Cheese



DELICIOUS, APPETIZING, TEMPTING.

A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cts. in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,
Manufacturers, CLEVELAND, O.

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOTYPES, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for **PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS**, etc. A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 228 page Catalogue free. **McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.**

Numbers
of
PUCK'S
Library?

Send for List.



Pears' Soap

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' is supposed to be the only soap in the world that has no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

FOR STOUT FOLKS.

Dr. Edison's **FAMOUS PILLS AND BANDS** and Obesity Fruit Salt reduce your weight without dieting; cure the causes of obesity, such as dyspepsia, rheumatism, nervousness, catarrh, kidney troubles; keep you healthy, and beautify the complexion.



CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.
Gentlemen: I am now full of confidence but not so full of fat as formerly. I am one of your loudest shouters for Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills. I have induced several of the fat boys to go to your store to talk with you, and get your Obesity Pills. The pills are a sure remedy for dyspepsia, which in many cases is the main cause of fat. Armour, Mills and Johnson have each reduced over 20 pounds with the Edison pills. **CHAS. B. KING.**

Removes Obesity and Improves the Complexion.

Miss Susan Lee Matthews, 243 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.: Since August 1st I have reduced my weight about 3 pounds per week. I have used an obesity band, 3 bottles of obesity pills; wore the band 4 or 5 hours each day. My abdominal measure is 7 inches less. The pills improve the complexion and make the skin of the face smooth and give it a healthy color. I was advised to use Dr. Edison's pills by two lady friends, Mrs. Thorndike and Mrs. Matthews of Arlington St.

Measurement for the band is the largest part of the abdomen. The bands cost \$2.50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents extra for each additional inch. You can buy the salt pills and bands direct from our stores, or by mail or express. Or your druggist will furnish them.

Positively the only treatment that does not absolutely require dieting and purging; others advertise "no dieting," but after you pay your money you receive positive instructions about starving.

PRICE OF FRUIT SALT, \$1.00.
PILLS \$1.50 PER BOTTLE, OR 3 BOTTLES FOR \$4.00.

LORING & CO., Proprietors and Gen'l Agts.,
113 A State Street, Chicago, Ill.

2222 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.
40-C West 22d St., New York City.
Cut this out and keep it, and send for our full (8 column) article on Obesity. 597

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

"Puck's Painting-Book" for Children, 50 Cents.

Wood's A distinct step forward; a wonderful improvement on common porous plasters. Wood's is a "double-quick" plaster. Contains a mild solvent which opens the pores, enabling the pain-through) the skin and **Penetrating** killer to penetrate (go stop the ache immediately. Unrivalled remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. Try one. **Sold by all first-class Druggists.**





Chocolat Menier is the beverage of every one who wishes to keep the brain fresh and vigorous. Pure chocolate unites in a perfect form all the qualities for a healthy and strengthening liquid food, and contrary to the popular supposition, (founded on the use of impure matter sold as chocolate,) it is the *Remedy par excellence* for Dyspepsia. A cup of the CHOCOLAT MENIER immediately after eating will produce digestion in three hours. It is recommended to every brain worker in place of using that

which only stimulates without strengthening. COCOA and CHOCOLATE can no more be compared with each other than

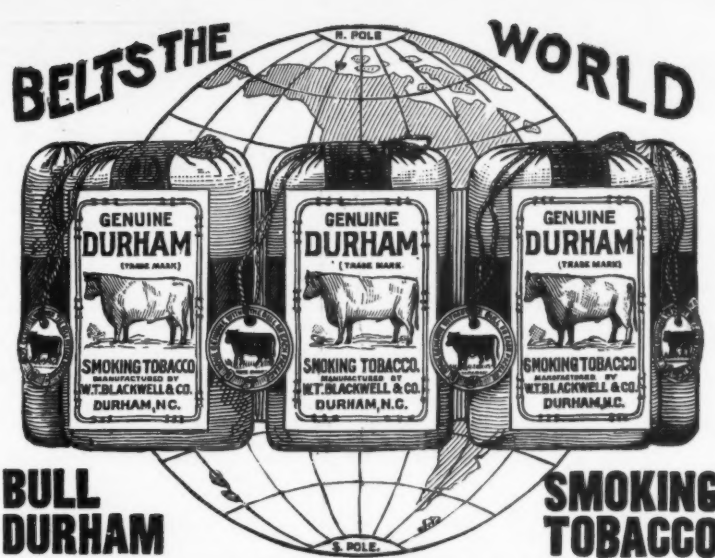
Skimmed Milk to Pure Cream. CHOCOLAT MENIER offers what the most particular epicures seek and all medical men desire: a wholesome, agreeable food of a decided renovating power. A sample of this incomparable chocolate—CHOCOLAT MENIER—will be sent to any address if you name this publication. Grocers also are invited to forward lists of their customers to be supplied with samples.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 25 MILLION LBS
SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.
MENIER, Union Sq., New York.

No two women ever made catsup alike.—*Atchison Globe.*



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.



BULL DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

All around the world, from East to West,
Pipe Smokers think Bull Durham best.
How good it is, a trial will show,
And make you smoke and praise it too.

Get the Genuine.

Made only by

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C.



A SAFE PLAN.

FRIEND.—Why do you write "dictated" at the top of each of your letters? You have no amanuensis typewriter. BUSINESS MAN.—No; but I'm a mighty poor speller, and if there are any mistakes in my letters the recipient will blame it on the stenographer.

Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Liebig Company's— Extract of Beef.

BEST

PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST

INVALUABLE

In the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 235 and 239 E. 23d St., N. Y.
16 West 125th St., N. Y.

OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE CELEBRATED PIANOS, WE HAVE ERECTED A VERY LARGE ADDITION TO OUR FACTORY WHICH WILL ENABLE US TO MAKE 50 PIANOS PER WEEK.

THESE INSTRUMENTS ARE UNEXCELLED AND ARE SOLD AT MODERATE PRICES.

SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS AND RENTED.

Wanted.—General Agents in every large city in the United States to handle the quickest selling 10-cent Novelty on record—apply, with ability to do so, J. J. GREBLE, 934 8th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

EXPERIENCE OF

A BRADFORD MAN.

He did not use—WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap—

(From the *National Barber*—Philadelphia.)

BRADFORD, Pa., Sept. 13th, 1892.

DEAR SIR:

I feel it a duty that I owe both to those who shave and those who are shaved, to warn them against the great danger of using impure soaps or of allowing them to be used on their faces; and I know of no better way than through your valuable paper.

Not long ago I was shaved in a shop in this city where a "cheap," impure soap was used. Soon after I was shaved I began to feel a smarting sensation of the face, and in a few days the face was all broken out. I immediately consulted my physician, who informed me that it was a very serious case of blood poisoning, caused by the impure soap that was used. I suffered the greatest agony for days and weeks; but, owing to the physician's care, I am happy to say that I am now recovered, though the scars still remain.

I recently went to see the barber who made me all the trouble by using such soap, and told him what I had suffered. He threatened me if I dared to mention it to any one, as he said it would ruin his business if it became known that he used such a shaving soap. Fearing lest he might carry out his threat I made complaint, and he was arrested and fined by the courts. He has now left the town.

From all this it will readily be seen that a low quality of soap not only caused me great loss and suffering, but was also most costly to the barber who used it; and I think that I can do no greater kindness to the great army of intelligent barbers throughout the country than to urge upon them the necessity of using the very best shaving soap that money can buy.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) T. BACKER.

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap

has a long-established reputation for ABSOLUTE PURITY, and is used by every careful Barber who values the Comfort and Safety of his Customers.

Is your Barber using it? Would it be well to ask him?

An ounce of Prevention is better than a pound of Cure.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE
CHICAGO AND
ST. LOUIS
TO
DENVER.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, \$33 up. Want agents. Catalogue free. Address, Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

"WELL, you know, Mr. Winters," said Miss Bosbyshell, airily, "a girl of eighteen is quite as old as a man of twenty-one."

"Oh, frequently!" retorted Winters. "I know an eighteen-year-old maiden who was born in 1862."—*Harper's Bazar.*

MAUD.—Why don't Milly light the gas when she knows that Mr. Oldswain is coming?

GERTRUDE.—Oh, he's an old flame!—*Inter Ocean.*

Take Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia Before retiring.—*10c. a bottle.*

SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY
Perfection of cycle manufacture. Hollow tires good; spring frames better; Sylph combines both and is BEST; no need now to ride springless cycles or depend on tires alone for comfort. Sylph 3 part spring frame destroys vibration. Light, simple, strong. Catalogue free. Bousie-Duryea Cycle Co., 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cures Sick-Headache.

A WORD TO THE WISE.
CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS, who fear the phenomenal success of
Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London. Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—

"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other COCOAS.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible.

"The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and can not possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.

CARL UPMANN'S
BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.
FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Factory, 406 & 408 E. 59th St., New York.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

OLD CLOTHES MADE NEW. We clean or dye the most delicate shade or fabric. No ripping required. Repair to order. Write for terms. We pay expressage both ways to any point in the U. S. McEwen's Steam Dye Works and Cleaning Establishment, Nashville, Tenn. Mention PUCK.

Double BREECH LOADER \$7.50
RIFLES \$2.00
BICYCLES \$15.
GUNS All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

FOR THE SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION. The result of 30 years' practical experience in treating Skin and Scalp Diseases.

WOODBURY'S
ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICK AND BARS. Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your harbor using it when shaving you.
AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL.



A sample Cake of Facial Soap and a 150 page book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nerves and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, - - New York City.
CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.
Chicago Office. - - 70 Dearborn Street.

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
THE GREATEST INVENTION
EVERY OF THE AGE
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING
POWDERED. AND PUT IN ONE POUND TIN CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MFRS. - PHILADELPHIA

BETTON'S PILE SALVE.
An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drug gists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,
BALTIMORE, Md.

OBEYING INSTRUCTIONS. HOSTESS.—Will you have a piece of pie, Georgie?

GEORGIE.—Yes'm; but please make it double size, because Ma told me not to ask for two pieces.—*Good News.*

FATHER.—Now remember, my son, always call a spade a spade.

SON.—But what are you goin' to do about the left bower when clubs is trumps?—*Inter Ocean.*

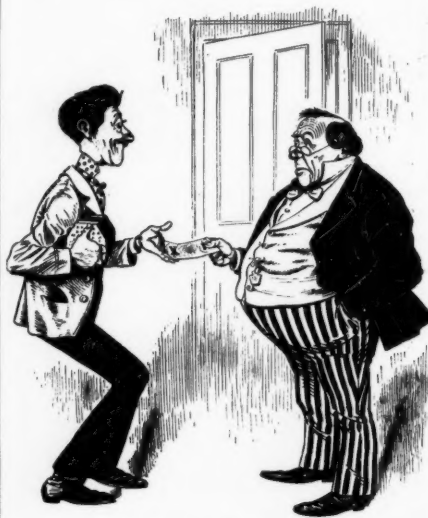
HARD FATE. LITTLE DOT.—Oh, dear! I wish I was n't a girl. TEACHER.—You do? Why? LITTLE DOT.—'Cause I like to sit with the boys.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

FRUIT DEALER.—These are the best russet oranges; they are sw—

MRS. NEWRICH.—Well, I don't mind taking a dozen if you will put in the polish to retouch them.—*Inter Ocean.*

KEEPING HIS AGREEMENT.

No. I.



FOURTH FLOOR LODGER.—I'll give you ten dollars if you will not play that concertina in your room again.
FIFTH FLOOR LODGER.—That's a go!

SMALL LOSS. MOTHER (reprovingly).—You have never

taken a prize at school yet.

LITTLE DICK.—N—No; but I guess they're only plated, anyhow.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE London Museum contains the first envelope ever made. It was probably found in some man's pocket addressed in his wife's hand.—*Inter Ocean.*

WILLIAM TELL, we believe, was the first known shooting "star."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SAVE AGENTS' DISCOUNTS. Why pay agents \$25 to \$35 commission? We sell you direct and save you that. Send 6c. in stamps for particulars and catalogue 20 patterns. DIRECT DEALING CYCLE CO. Box 592, Baltimore



We Remedy the Defects of Nature.

Whether Well or Ill-shapen;

we make a becoming man of you—

That's the Tailor's part.

—Our Part—

Nicoll
R. Tailor

771 Broadway,
145 & 147 Bowery, N. Y.

Samples mailed.

Suits to order \$20.00 up.

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FELTON.—I suppose because it's extra dry.—*Inter Ocean.*

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